

WELL, HOW DO YOU SALUTE?

-By WALLGREN



TEA MAKES HIT WITH OLD COCKTAIL FANS

Many Who Came to Scoff at English Custom Now Remain to Imbibe

TO BE DRUNK LEISURELY

But It Really Does Improve Your Appetite, If You Go Easy on Buns

We weren't much on tea over in the States. For one thing, it took too much time out of a busy afternoon—robbed us of the chance to make an extra sale or something of the sort.

But—and this is sad and shocking and terrible news to lots of people—some of us actually did go out in the afternoon and drink cocktails. Often we drank not one, but several. It took a lot more time to drink cocktails than tea, because we used to drink them by rounds, and hang around until everybody in the charmed circle had bought, so as to be sure, with Yankee thoroughness, that we got our money's worth.

With tea, it's different. When you've had one cup, you're through, and you can go back to work and make that extra sale or add up that last column. But, because cocktails went down quickly and seemed to quicken us for the time being, we stuck to them instead of resorting to tea—with the result that when we did go back to the office (which we seldom did), we didn't care whether we were tired or not, and we just added up that last column, it was out of the question.

Learning Tea's Real Charms

Now, however, that some of us have been sojourning in England for more or less time, we are beginning to see the extra value of tea, and to appreciate its charm and potency and value. In the first place, we can't get cocktails either in England or France. In the second place, cocktails, at our present rate of recompense, are pretty expensive. In the third place, we're being Americans, we're willing to try anything once, and being in the land of tea, have decided to do as the tea-toppers do.

In some parts of the States, the afternoon cocktail hour used to be invested with a certain ceremony; the oldest man present usually took it upon himself to offer the first toast, and of buying the last round. In the main, though (no, no, not in Maine!) what little ceremony there was to cocktail drinking consisted of one gulp after another; that was all. Over here, however, we find that tea has got to be taken leisurely, to derive the full benefit from it. Tea must be approached as reverently as the pious literary pilgrim approaches Westminster Abbey.

Tea requires leisure. Like Boston, it requires a certain mental focusing before one really enjoys it. It requires calm, reposeful bearing. Though its consumption brings steady nerves, one must have fairly steady nerves to begin with, to handle all the paraphernalia that go with it. One must sit down to it, as one doesn't have to with cocktails. In short, while one is at it, one must make a business of it. The man who makes a business of cocktail drinking, on the other hand, usually finds out sooner or later that it is the only business he has left.

Actually Improves Appetite

If we don't eat too many cakes and buns and tarts and slabs of toast and cookies and so forth along with our tea—as, in war time, we don't have very much chance to—we find that, instead of spoiling our appetite for the great Anglo-American dinner, it actually improves it. Good tea, hot tea, well made, sends a genial, peace-with-victory glow over our digestive organs, far different from the fervid "kick" and bite of the cocktail of former days. It may not give us as sharp an appetite as did the Brookes and Stingers and Martinis and Manhattans and Bloodhounds, but it does give us a more rational, a more normal appetite. It is, in fact, just what the poet said it was: "The cup that cheers, but not inebriates."

It's a good stunt, this tea stunt, after all. It rests and refreshes us, and gives us something to do in the slack time of an afternoon when, by any chance of Army life, there is slack time. It almost reconciles us to the prospect of a dry United States after we go back, a bogey with which people are continually threatening us. If that should come to pass, we may take up the tea habit for keeps. Who knows?

HE WASN'T MADE ORDERLY

Officer of the day (inspecting the new guard): What is the eleven general order?

Private Goop: Er—er—to be especially wakeful at night, to search all armed parties, and—to salute all officers not cased!

PAPER--PLENTY OF IT--ARRIVES FOR Y. M. HUTS

It took very much as though the "no paper" excuse for not writing home was about played out. There is, in fact, as though anybody within hobbling distance of a Y.M.C.A. but or tent ought to be able to connect with all the writing paper he needs, unless he is embarked on the job of concocting a real old mid-Victorian tripe-dealer novel. There is coming into France right now, for use in Y.M. huts exclusively, 25,000,000 double fold-over sheets of writing paper, with 20,000,000 envelopes to match.

That isn't all. An order has already been placed for 185 tons of writing paper, to be delivered to the same use—and there are 250,000 of those double fold-over sheets to the ton, by the way. (Business of doing some rapid multiplication on a field clerk's white cuff.) That makes 46,250,000 sheets of letter paper, doesn't it? Yes, and there'll be 50,000,000 envelopes in the lot as well.

The demand for writing paper among the pen-pushers of the A. E. F.—and that means everybody—is estimated at from 8,000,000 to 10,000,000 sheets a month. It has been found that divisions

up in the trenches use up considerably more paper than do those in training back of the front. Whether this is because there isn't much of anything else to do up front—that's a mean slam on the Boche—or whether it's because the people at home seem nearer up there hasn't yet been determined; but that's the fact in the case.

This paper comes from anywhere and everywhere, from warring and neutral countries the world around—with, of course, the exception of Germany and Austria, where there is a great deal of contempt for "scraps of paper." It is bought by the Y.M. through a buyer who does nothing else, whoever it raises is letterhead. The expenditure on writing paper is, in fact, the second highest item of expense in the Y.M. budget, ranking close to the actual cost of construction and maintenance of the huts themselves.

Though the paper comes from all the ends of the earth, it is cut and printed and folded all in Paris. From there it finds its way up front and back down the S.O.S. to the base ports. And it keeps a-coming all the time.

SICK "PICKANINNY" CURED BY YANK M. D.

Doctor, Though Short on Language, Brings Comfort to Poor Cheval

Doctors do everything over here. They have to. There was one down at — the other week, sitting calmly in his infirmary and studying out one of those gruesome little charts that so fascinate his kind. Enter to M. le Docteur Américain one French gentleman, very much excited.

"Alors, M. le Docteur," he exclaimed, "in the patois of the region, 'Mon cheval est beaucoup malade, Venez tout de suite, s'il vous plait!'"

Lieut. N. (for it was none other than he) scratched his head. Being an officer and, therefore, never having had to ride in a "fiommes 30, Chevaux 3," he didn't know what *cheval* meant. But to judge from his French caller's animation, he sensed that something must be wrong.

Cheval? That was a new one on him. He had a hunch it might mean "baby," so he counted with: "Votre pickaninny est malade?" "Oui, oui!" ejaculated the excited one, not forgetting to be polite and agree with the doctor in his excitement. "Pickaninny malade—c'est ça?"

Lieut. N. was at a loss. Grabbing all the implements with which one usually does things to babies when they have anything the matter with them—such as stomach pumps, safety pin removers, teething rings, etc.—he rushed off to where Friend Pickaninny was supposed to be. As he drew near the house, he heard:

"Huh-hee-hee-hee-hee-hee—kompt!"

"Gee," thought Lieut. N., "that's a funny noise for a kid to make."

Lied to the Crib

He wasn't disillusioned very long. Not to a baby's crib, but to a horse's crib, he was led. And there was a faithful *cheval*, whinnying and wheeking and womping around with a lively case of colic.

At first blush, Lieut. N., who has acquaintances in the veterinary profession, thought it would be unethical for him to go ahead in their territory. But seeing that there were no veterinaries within many miles, and that the horse was in pretty bad shape, he decided to go ahead and prescribe. He shot the venerable steed full of morphine or something (so his orderly says) and gave it an internal bath of linseed oil.

Two days later the owner of the horse rushed the guard at the infirmary door, grabbed the doctor before the latter could make a move to defend himself, and saluted him copiously on both cheeks. The "pickaninny" had been cured *grâce à Dieu!* And M. le Docteur had two friends outside, also the owners of the oh, so sick "pickaninny." Would not M. le Docteur come and visit them?

Lieut. N. made good. In fact, the mess kids him now about being as ardent a follower of the equine as ever sat in the grandstand at Saratoga.

It might be called rubbing it in when a man who is buying two Liberty bonds, allotting ten bones a month to his wife, paying the limit premium on a War Risk insurance policy and squaring up with the Government on a summary, gets two letters from his home town on payday, one telling him that his bank account is ten cents overdrawn and the other asking him if he will please remit on his 1917 polltax within two weeks and thereby avoid deputy sheriff's fees.

WHAT THEY MISS

They send us pocket Bibles. To make us lads behave. They send us bright trench mirrors. To help us when we shave. Powders for our face and feet. Cold creams and camphor ice. But never any poison. For the hungry Army lice.

They send us Wrigley's Double-mint. It's really very nice. They send us little sewing kits. With which we sew up our splices. Wrist watches and bright wristlets. And ukas on which to strum. But never any poison. For the hungry Army crumb.

Oh, yes, dear friends, we've got them. And we've got them mighty bad. The pesky things keep biting. Till they almost drive us mad; They're after us continually, Morning, noon and night, And every time they grab a chunk. We know old "Sherm" was right. CONR. "JERRY" JENOME Headquarters Co.

CAPPING THE CLIMAX

The mmmmmmm—whaddayacallit? oh, yes, overseas cap has been discovered again. This time it is the "9 Times," the publication of Base Hospital No. —, that takes the role of Columbus.

Right in the middle of its first page, under the same kind of headline (yes, it reads "EXTRA") that they used to use when presidents made messages to Congress—looking as though the article had been slammed in at the last minute (just like the thing it describes)—Sister "9" has this to say:

"As we gallop to press, somewhere downtown, we are informed over the phone by an excited war correspondent that overseas hats are being issued at the hospital and that strong men are weeping at the sight. Although the enemy was superior in numbers, according to our informant, large reinforcements of nurses, armed with safety pins and needles and thread, were speedily hurrying up from the rear."

Then pressed for a description of the new cap, our correspondent was mute, confining himself to noises indicating apparent disapproval. His comment on the appearance of Private Slink and Corporal Ludlow can not be printed.

"From a high authority we learn that the hats were designed by a close relative of the French chef, the latter sitting as model. The designer, we understand, lost his eyesight several years ago in an unfortunate accident."

ENGINEERS TURN MINSTRELS

Syncopated Soldiers Tour the Neighboring Camps

At one of the Y.M.C.A. headquarters in the S.O.S., a bunch of engineers, bored by the lack of girls and gunfire, recently put on a minstrel show to while away a weary evening and made such a hit with the 1,500 soldiers who saw it that they had to repeat it at a nearby aviation school and are now threatened with being turned into a traveling company booked for all the camps in the vicinity.

Monologues, ragtime songs, whistling solos, jazz band music of the most violent sort and chorus numbers by a chorus of 27 leather lunged artists made up a show that was put on with the minimum of preparation. No time was wasted on scenery and only two of the entertainers took the trouble to put on camouflage.

Nights in dugouts all remind us War can have its uses, too. For we cannot leave behind us Gasbills that are overdue.

WILLARD TOO FAT? BOSH, SAYS GANZEL

Champ's Wife Highly Anxious to Keep Title in Family

Since Jess Willard and Fred Fulton have been matched for their title tilt for July 4 there are many tales of the poor condition the champion is in and the weight he is forced to carry around at present.

According to these tales, the big Kansas weighs anywhere from 325 to 400 pounds. But John Ganzel, former New York Yankee, now manager of the Kansas City Blues, says that he was on a hunting trip with Big Jess last winter and that he didn't weigh an ounce more than 275 pounds at that time. This is only 15 pounds more than he weighed when he whipped Frank Moran. Moreover, Ganzel says that he is in the best possible condition and is taking good care of himself. He adds that Jess has a real manager in his wife, who has no idea of letting the champion title slip out of the family and will see to it that Jess is in shape for the scrap.

Ganzel wins up his statement by saying: "Don't believe the stories of Willard's lack of condition. They are all bosh."

FLYING BLUEJACKETS TROUCE ENGINEERS

Naval Air Station Players Pound Out 11 to 3 Victory

The Flying Bluejackets, the mitt-and-stick-wielders of a certain U.S. Naval Air Station situated in the parts of France, took into camp not long ago the team representing the — Engineers, A.E.F., by a score of 11 to 3. Schofield, the winners' short, and Paymaster Bequette, their backstop, divided the swat honors with Gillette, the engineers' shortstop, Mitchell, their catcher, Ferguson, their first baseman, Kahursk, one of their pitchers, and McGuider, their second bag coverer—the septette thus honorably mentioned annexing two hits apiece. Lieut. Corry of the winners had seven strikeouts to his credit.

The score: —ENGINEERS. FLYING BLUEJACKETS. Bullock, ss 1 0 Schofield, ss 3 2 Glick, 2b 0 2 Palmer, 2b 1 1 McGuider, 2b 0 2 Stone, 2b 2 1 Bount, 1f 0 0 Maroon, 1f 0 1 Mitchell, c 1 2 Gillette, cf & 1b 1 1 Brown, cf 0 0 Gillette, cf & 1b 1 1 Hall, rf 0 0 Williamson, 1b 0 0 Ferguson, 1b 0 2 Long, rf 0 1 Kahursk, p 1 2 Pay, 1b 0 1 McGuider, p 0 1 Lieut. Corry, p 1 1 Total 3 11 Total 11 11 Strike outs, Lieut. Corry 7, Kahursk, McGuider 5.

Summary.

Flying Bluejackets 11 11 5

—Engineers 3 11 7

Our idea of the outest of out of luck is to take part in a trench raid, go through the Hun barrage, get wounded, grab a couple of prisoners, come back through the Hun barrage unscathed and then stumble and break a wrist entering the home dugout.

Germany, the Kaiser still insists, will fight to the last man. Here's betting ten to one that it'll be the Crown Prince.

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TRANSPORT CHOW

The boy sat on the greasy deck A-eatin' of his chow. They'd run him off the forward hatch, And chased him out the bow.

The wind had blown his bread away. He'd slipped and spilled his beans, And now his neighbor's coffee Was a-soakin' up his jeans.

He heard a voice ring through the air In accents loud and bold: "You like across the after hatch And scramble down the hold."

"There's water on the other side To grease your dishes in. (A thousand men had washed in it And still 'twas pretty thin.)"

The boy stood on the dirty deck And swore if he had sense, He'd never cross the pond again At Uncle Sam's expense.

S. D. BOYER, Co. E, — Inf.

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